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THOMAS AND SALLY;

OR THE

Sailor's Return:

A DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

As it is performed at the

THEATRES ROYAL in DRURY LANE and COVENT GARDEN.

Composed by

D.^R A R N E,

FOR THE

VOICE, HARPSICHORD, AND VIOLIN.

LONDON:

Printed for Harrison & C^o N^o 13, Paternoster - Row.

OVERTURE.

Presto.

Octaves.

Octav.

Octaves.

Largo.

SCOTCH

GAVOTTE.

Affettuoso.

The musical score is written for a Scottish Gavotte in G major, 4/4 time. It consists of six systems of two staves each. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The tempo is marked 'Affettuoso.' and the key signature has one sharp (F#). The music features a variety of note values, rests, and ornaments (marked 'h'). Fingerings are indicated by numbers 1-5. The piece concludes with a double bar line in the final system.

Horns and Clarinets

SQUIRE.

With Spirit

Tutti.

The Echoing Horn calls the

Sportsmen a-broad to Hors my brave Boys and a-way The Morning is up and the cry of the Houns up-braids our too tedious de-lay

What Pleasure we feel in pur-suing the Fox o'er Hill and o'er Valley he flies Then follow we'll soon o-ver take him Huz-za the Traitor is

CHORUS.

Then follow we'll soon o-ver take him Huz-za the

feiz'd on and dies. he dies - - - - - the Traitor is feiz'd on and dies Then follow we'll soon o-ver take him Huz-za the

2.

Traitor is feiz'd on and dies.

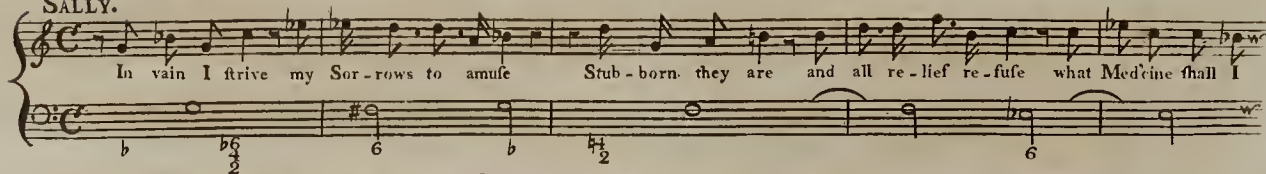
Traitor is feiz'd on and dies

Triumphant returning at Night with the spoil
Like Bacchanals shouting and Gay
How sweet with a Bottle and Lads to refresh
And lose the Fatigues of the Day
With sport Love and Wine fickle Fortune defy

Dull Wisdom all Happiness fors
Since Life is no more than a Passage at best
Let's stew the way over with Flours
With Flours
Let's stew &c.

RECIT.

SALLY.



AIR.

SALLY.

Lento.

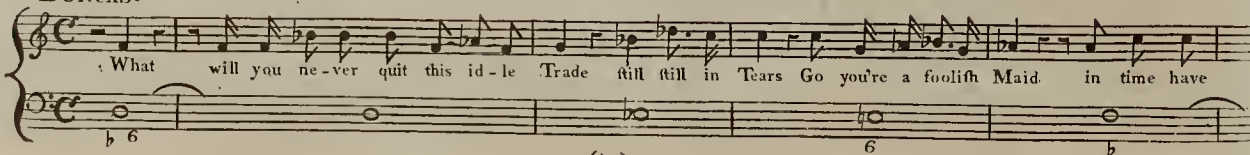


2.
The Lads pursue I strive to shun
Their wedding Arts are lost on me
For I to Death shall Love but one
And He Alas is gone to Sea

3.
As droop the Flowers till Light return
As mourns the Dove its absent She
So will I droop so will I mourn
Till my true Love returns from Sea

RECIT.

DORCAS.



Prudence your own Int'rest see Youth lasts not al-ways be ad-vis'd by me

AIR. **DORCAS.** **Moderato.** That May day

of Life is for Pleasure For Singing and dancing and show Then why will you waste such a Treasure in sighing and crying Heigh ho Heigh

ho in sighing and crying Heigh ho Let's co-py the Bird in the Meadows By hers tune your Pipe when 'tis low Fly

round and Co-quet it as She does and ne-ver sit crying Heigh ho Heigh ho and ne-ver sit crying Heigh ho

Tho' when in the Arms of a Lover
It sometimes may happen I know
That e'er all our toying is over
We cannot help crying Heigh ho!

2.
||
(71)

In Age ev'ry one a new part takes
I find to my Sorrow 'tis so
When old you may cry till your Heart aches
But no one will mind you Heigh ho!

SALLY. DORCAS.

RECIT.

Leave me Go to I came to make you glad, Ad-fooks what's here this fol-ly makes me Mad you're grieving

SALLY.

and for whom ('tis pretty sport) for one that gets a Wife at ev'ry Port Dor-cas for shame how can you be so base or af-ter

DORCAS.

this look Tho-mas in the Face His Ship's ex - - pected ' tell not me, the Squire, as Tom is your's, you are his Heart's de -

fire. then why fo peevish and fo froward still, He'd make your Fortune, Let him have his Will.

SALLY.

AIR.

Were I as poor as Wretch can be as great as a - ny Monarch He

Presto.

Octaves.

Ere on such Terms I'd mount his Throne I'd work my Fin-gers to the Bone Ere on such Terms I'd

Octaves.

mount his Throne I'd work my Fin-gers to the Bone

f *mo* *Ottaves.*

4 5 6 6 8 4 5 # *f* *mo* 6 4 5 4 5 4

AIR.

f *mo* *Ottaves.*

7 6 5 6 4 6 3 4 2 6 5 6

p *f* *mo* *Ottaves.*

5 6 5 6 5 6 3 4 2 6 5 6

Grant me ye Pow'rs I ask not I ask not wealth Grant me but Innocence but Innocence and Health Grant me but

p *f* *mo* *Ottaves.*

5 6 5 6 5 6 3 4 2 6 5 6

Innocence but Innocence and Health - - but In-no-cence and Health Ah what is

f *mo* *Ottaves.*

5 6 5 6 5 6 3 4 2 6 5 6

Grandeur what is Grandeur link'd to Vice 'Tis on-ly Vir-tue gives it Price 'tis on-ly Vir-tue gives it Price **Volti.**

p *f* *mo* *Ottaves.*

5 6 5 6 5 6 3 4 2 6 5 6

DORCAS.

Well go your ways I can not chide but Smile Would I were young again Alas the while! But what are wishes

wishes will not do one can - not eat ones Cake and have it too

DORCAS.

AIR.

With Spirit.

When I was a young one what Girl was like me So wanton fo' airy and brisk as a Bee I tattl'd I rambl'd I laugh'd and where

e'er a Fiddle was heard to be sure I was there

6 7 6 6 6 6 Octaves.

2.

To all that came near I had something to say
 'Twas this Sir and that Sir but scarce ever nay
 And Sundays drett out in my Silks and my Lace
 I warrant I stood by the best in the Place.

3.

At twenty I got me a Husband poor Man:
 Well rest him, we all are as good as we can
 Yet he was so peevish he'd quarrel for straws
 And jealous tho' truly I gave him some cause.

4.

He snub'd me, and huff'd me, but let me alone,
 Egad I've a Tongue and I paid him his own
 Ye Wives take the hint and when Spouse is untow'rd,
 Stand firm to our Charter and have the last Word.

5.

But now I'm quite alter'd the more to my woe,
 I'm not what I was forty summers ago;
 This Time's a fore Foe there's no shuning his Dart,
 However I keep up a pretty good heart.

6.

Grown old yet I hate to be sitting Mam Chance,
 I still love a Tune tho' unable to dance;
 And Books of Devotion laid by on the Shelf,
 I teach that to others - I once did my self.

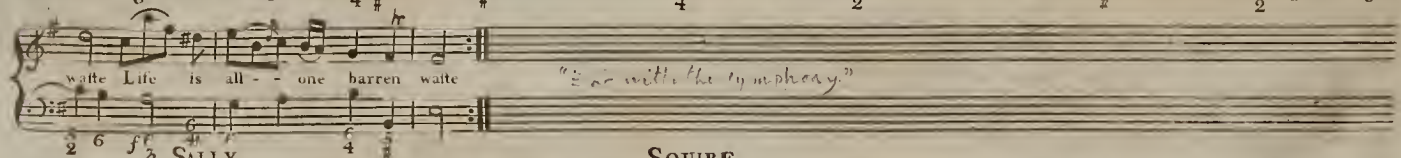
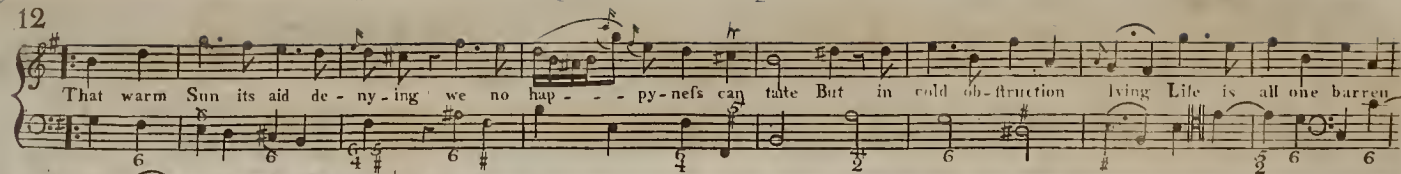
AIR.

SQUIRE.

Andantino.

Life's a Garden rich in Treasure bury'd like the Seeds in Earth there lie joy contentment Pleasure but tis Love multbring them forth

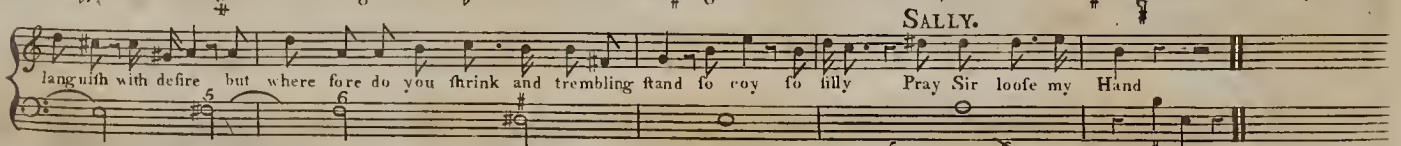
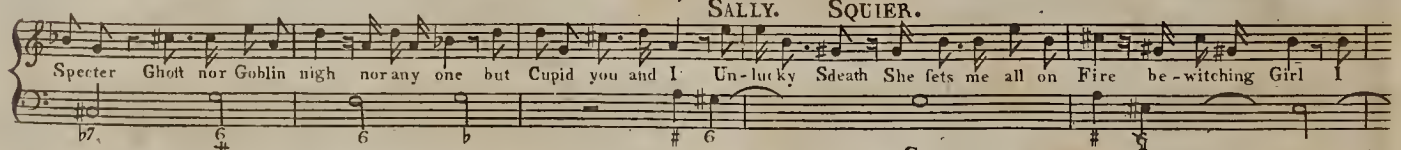
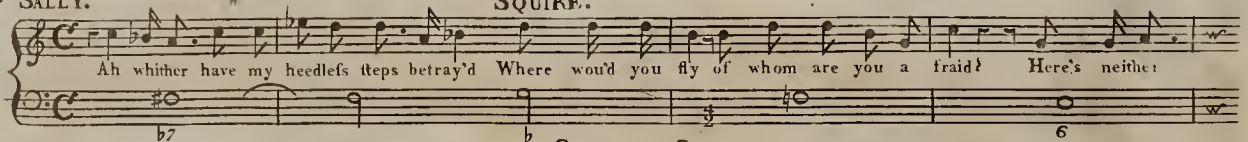
6 6 6 6 6 6 Volts.



RECIT.

SALLY.

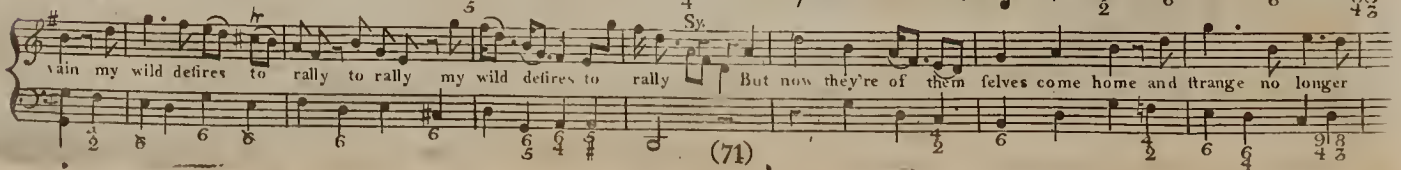
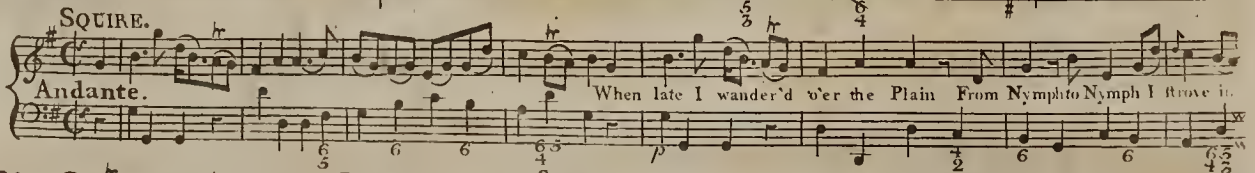
SQUIRE.



AIR.

SQUIRE.

Andante.



wish to. roam they centre all in Sal-ly in Sal-ly they cen-tre all in Sally

6 6 6 6 6 9 6 f 6 6 6 6 3.

2.
Yet She unkind one damps my joy
And cries I court but to destroy
Can Love with Ruin tally?
By those dear Lips those Eyes I swear
I would all Deaths all Torments bear
Rather than injure Sally.

3.
Come then oh come thou sweeter far,
Than Violets and Roses are,
Or Lillies of the Valley;
O follow Love and quite your fear
He'll guide you to these Arms my dear
And make me blest in Sally.

RECIT.

SALLY.

Sir you demean your Self and to be free some La-dy you shoud chuse of fit de - gree I am too low too

6 6 6 4 2

SQUIRES.

vul-gar. Ra-ther say There's some more favourd Ri-val in the way some hap-py Sweet-heart in your thoughts takes place For

2 4 6 6 6

SALLY.

him you keep your Favours that's the Cafe Well if it be tis neither shame nor Sin an honest Lat he is of honest

2 4 6 6 2

kin No higher than my Equal I pretend you have your Answer Sir and there's an End

6 6 # 6 #

DUET.

Moderato.

SQUIRE.

Come come my dear Girl I must not be denied

Fine Cloaths you shall have in and ran it and ran it a-way I'll give you this Purse too and hark hark you beside we'll kiss we'll kiss and we'll stay all the

SALLY.

long Summer's Day Of kissing and toying you soon soon would be tired should poor hapless Sally consent consent to be naught Besides Sir be-

SQUIRE.

- live me I scorn scorn to be hired the Heart the Heart's not worth gaining which is to be bought Fear not my sweet Sally the World's but -

- fy Tongue Soon soon above Scandal my Girl my Girl shall be put then laugh as you roll as you roll in your Chariot a long at Draggletail

SALLY.

Draggle tail Chatti-ty walking a foot It's only the fear of the World made me shy my Coyness and Modesty were but ill were but ill shown

their Pardon were ea-sy with Money with Money to buy But how how tell me how I cou'd Purchase my own

SALLY.

I'll not be a Whore

SQUIRE.

Leave Morals to grey-beards those Lips were de-sign'd for better em-ployment

O fie Child Love bids you be rich and be

But Virtue com-mands me be honest and poor

no no

no no

kind

Be rich and be kind

O fie Child Love bids you be rich and be

But Virtue com-mands me be honest and poor

Virtue

com-mands me

be honest and

kind

rich and kind O fie Child

Love bids you be rich and be kind

poor

But Virtue commands me be honest and poor

Love bids you be rich and be kind

End of the First Part.

Part the II.

SYMPHONY.

Largo.

RECIT.

THOMAS.

Avast my Boys a-vast all Hands a shore Mef's mates what Cheer old England hey once more I'm thinking how the Wenches will rejoice

out with your Presents Boys and take your choice I've an old Sweet heart but look there's the Town weigh Anchor tack about and lets hear down.

AIR.

Moderato.

From Ploughing the Ocean and threshing

Monsieur in old England were landed-a-gain Your Hands my brave Comrades Ho la Boys what Cheer for a Sailor that's just come a Shore what

Cheer for a Sailor that's just come a Shore Those hectoring Blades thought to scare us no doubt and to cout us and flashus Mor-bleu But

hold, there a-vast they were plaguily out we have slic'd'em and pepper'd'em too we've slic'd we have slic'd'em and pepper'd'em too we've slic'd we have slic'd'em and pepper'd'em too

2.

Then Courage my Hearts your own consequence know
 You Invaders shall soon do us Right
 The Lyon may rouse when he hears the Cock crow
 But can never be put in a Fright
 No no - But can never &c.
 You've only to thun your nonsensical Jars
 Your damn'd Party and idle contett
 And let all your trifle be like us honest Tars
 Who shall fight for his Country the best
 The best - Who shall fight &c.

3.

Now long live the King may he prosperous reign
 Of no Faction no Power afraid
 May Britan's proud Flag still exert o'er the Main
 At all points of the Compass display'd
 Display'd - At all points &c.
 No Quick-sands endanger no Rocks over whelm
 Steady steady and safe may the sail
 No ignorant Pilot e'er fit at ther Helm
 Or her Anchor of Liberty fail
 No no - Or her Anchor &c.

SQUIRE.

In vain I've ev'ry wi-ly Art es-say'd Nor Promises can tempt nor Vows per-suade No prospect of Success is left me

DORCAS.

now How shall I gain her Why I'll tell You how Lay wheedling Vows and Promises a-side And with a bold at-tack beat down her

Pride For oft when re-gu-lar ap-proaches fail Be-fiegers Storm a place And fo pre-vail

DORCAS.

Moderato.

All ye who wou'd wish to fuc-ceed with a

Lafs Learn how the af-fair's to be done- For if You stand fool-ing and thy like an Afs You'll loofe her loofe her

You'll loofe her as fure as a Gun

2.
With whining and fighing and Vows and all that
As far as you please you may run
She'll hear You and jeer You and give You a Pat
But jilt You jilt You
She'll jilt You as fure as a Gun.

3.
To worship and call her bright Goddeffs is fine
But mark You the Consequence, Mun;
The Buggage will think herself really divine
And scorn You-scorn You
She'll scorn You as fure as a Gun.

4.
Then be with a Maiden bold frolic and stout
And no Opportunity shun
She'll tell You She hates You and swear She'll cry out
But Mum - mum
But mum - She's as fure as a Gun.

SQUIRE.

Exit D.

19

This Way She comes a Milking Hence be gone . Oh Love af - fit me You that drive me on The

Time the Place both fa - vour my de - sign Now if She's coy I'll force her to be mine But leaft fome o - ther

Courfe ſhe ſteer her Flight 'Twere beſt a while con - ceal me from her Sight.

Enter
SALLY.

How cru - el Thoſe who with ungen'rous Aim Strive to ſe - duce and

bring young Maids to Shame That bru - tiſh Squire But where - fore ſhould I fear

ne'er can turn falſe Hearted to my Dear No. When he came his laſt Farewell to take He bid me wear this Token for his

Sake He shall not prove me fickle and unkind Or say that out of Sight was out of Mind.

SALLY.

Larghetto.

6

SALLY.

Larghetto.

6 6 6 5 6 5 6 5

p *f*

Auspicious Spirit's guard my Love In Time of Danger near him bide With out spread Wings a-round him

move And turn each ran - - dom Ball a - fide And You his Foes tho' Hearts of Steel Oh may You then with me ac - cord A Sympa -

- the - tic Pas - sion feel Be - hold his Face And drop the Sword' Be - hold his Face And drop the Sword.

Handwritten musical score for "The Bird Song" by J. S. Bach. The score is written on two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature is one flat (B-flat). The time signature is 4/4. The piece begins with a piano (p) dynamic and a forte (f) dynamic. The notation includes various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and bar lines. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots. The manuscript is on aged, yellowed paper with some staining and a small tear at the bottom left.

2.
Ye Winds your blut'ring fury leave
Like Airs that o'er the Garden Sweep
Breath soft in Sighs and gently heave
The calm smooth Bosom of the Deep

'Till Halcyon Peace return'd once more
From Blasts secure and hostile Harms
My Sailor views his Native Shore
And harbours safe in these fond Arms
And harbours &c.

SQUIRE.
SQUIRE and SALLY.
A DIALOGUE.

Well met pretty Maid Nay don't be a-fraid I mean you no Mischief I Vow I Vow I mean you no Mischief I

Vow . Plhaw what is't you ail, Come give me your Pail, and I'll car-ry it up to your Cow

2.
SALLY. Pray let it alone
I've Hands of my own
Nor need yours to help me forbear
Forbear
Nor need yours to help me forbear
How can you persist
I won't Sir be Kist
Nor, teaz'd thus go trifle elf where.

3.
SQUIRE. In yon lonely Grove
I saw an Alcove
All round the sweet Violet Springs
Springs
All round the sweet Violet Springs
And there was a Thrush
Hard by in a Bush
'Twou'd charm you to hear how he Gings.

4.
SALLY. But hark prithe hark
Look yonder's a Lark
It warbles and pleases me so
It warbles
Warbles and pleases me so
To hear the soft Tale
Of the sweet Nightingale
I would not be tempted to go.

3.
SQUIRE. Then here we'll sit down
Come come never frown
No longer my Bliss I'll retard
Retard
No longer my Bliss I'll retard
Kind Venus shall spread
Her Veil over head
And the little Rogue Cupid keep guard.

SQUIRE.

THOMAS.

THOMAS.

SALLY.

What this I fee May I believe my Eyes A Pirate jult a - bout to board my Prize 'Twas well I this Way

SALLY.

SQUIRE.

chant'd my Courfe to Steer - Sal, what's the Matter Thomas 'Sdeath who's here Fellow be gone or Learn your Phrafe to

THOMAS.

mend Do you Sheer off or 'Sblood I'll make you Friend - Let go the Wench I claim her for my Share And

now Lay Hands up on her if you dare

SQUIRE.

THOMAS. SQUIRE.

THOMAS.

SALLY.

Dare Saucy Rascal this In truſion you ſhall anſ - wer to your Coſt Bully'd Scanda - liz'd Con - fu - ſion All my

And^{te}

Poco Forte

Octaves.

Shemes and Wiſhes Croſt All my Schemes and Wiſhes Croſt Bully'd Scanda - liz'd Con - fu - ſion All my Schemes and Wiſhes Croſt Hark you

23

Matter keep your Distance 'Sblood take Notice what I say There's the Channel no Re-sistance Tack a-bout and bear a-way Tack a-

6 Octaves. *fmo* 6 6 6 6

[illegible]

SALLY.

SALLY.
Would you wrest our Freedom from us Now my Heart has lost its fear Now my Heart has lost his Fear Oh my

[illegible]

SQUIRE.

SQUIRE.
Since her paltry Inclination Stoops to such a Thing as You Stoops to such a Thing as You Thus I make a Recantation Thus I make a Recan

Octaves.

- tation Foolish low-liv'd Wench a - dieu Foolish low-liv'd Wench a - dieu
 6 6 4 6 *f* Octaves. (72) *fmo* 6 5 4 3 4 3

SALLY.

Oh well - come well - come How shall I im - part Thy Joy this hap - py Meeting gives my Heart

THOMAS.

Now Tom in Safety stay at Home with Me And ne - ver trust a - gain that treach'rous Sea Ex - cuse me Sal While

mighty George has Foes With Heart with Hand their Malice I'll op - pose But hang this Talk - ing my Desires are keen You

see yon Steeple And know what I mean

And

Let Fops pre - tend in Flames to melt and plead the Pains they ne - ver felt We Sailors Scorn their

SALLY.

Servile Arts For with our Hands - - we give our Hearts Let pru - dith La - dies Still de - ny Look cold and

THOM:

give their Hearts the Lye I own the Pas - sion in my Breast And long to make - - my Lo - ver blest For

this the Sai - lor on the Mast en - dures the cold and cut - ting Blast All drip - ing wet wears out the Night And

SALLY.

braves the Fu - - ry of the Fight For this the Mai - den Pines and dies with throbbing Heart and Streaming Eyes Till sweet Re -

- - verse of Joy She proves And clasps the faith - - ful Lad the Loves Till sweet Re - verse of Joy She proves And clasps the faith - - ful

Lad the Loves. *f*

Directly to the Duet.

Volti.

(72)

THOMAS.

DUET.

26

SALLY.

THOMAS.

DUET.

Ye Bri - tish Youths be Brave You'll find The Bri - tish Virgins will be kind

Ye Bri - tish Youths be Brave You'll find The Bri - tish Virgins will be kind Pro - tect their Beauty from Al -

And They'll re - pay - - you with their Charms

Ye Bri - tish Youths be brave You'll

Ye Bri - tish Youths be brave You'll

find The Bri - tish Vir - gins will be kind Pro - tect their beauty from Al - arms and They'll re - pay - - you with their

find The Bri - tish Vir - gins will be kind Pro - tect their beauty from Al - arms and - - They'll re - pay - - you with their

Charms

Charms

(72)

DIALOGUE

Short and pointed

Præthe

Dorcas for - bear

DORCAS.

Dear Squire but hear Nor make 'bout a Girl such a Pother such a Pother nor make 'bout a Girl such a

But jist in the Nick To be play such a Trick Say what shall I do How Rhaw

Pother

Get an o - ther Get an o - ther That

that you muft do Get an o - ther

In the next tho' with this you mil -

28

What

--- carri'd You mis-carri'd in the next tho with this you mis-carri'd Leave your Ri-val to grieve whom no Change can re-lieve

Change can he with for True True that Change may he with'd for He's marri'd. *fmo*

He's marri'd He's marri'd That Change may be with'd for He's marri'd. *fmo*

DANCE. *Larghetto.*

A musical score for a dance, labeled 'DANCE. Larghetto.' It consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The tempo is marked 'Larghetto.' The music is in 6/8 time. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece features a variety of rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are two first and second endings marked with '1.' and '2.' and repeat signs. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Handwritten musical score for "The Bird Song" by J. S. Bach. The score is written on two staves, treble and bass, in G major (one sharp). The treble staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bass staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is in 3/4 time. The treble staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3'. The bass staff contains a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with a triplet of eighth notes marked with a '3'. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Siciliano. *Largo.*

(72)

Giga.

Allegro.

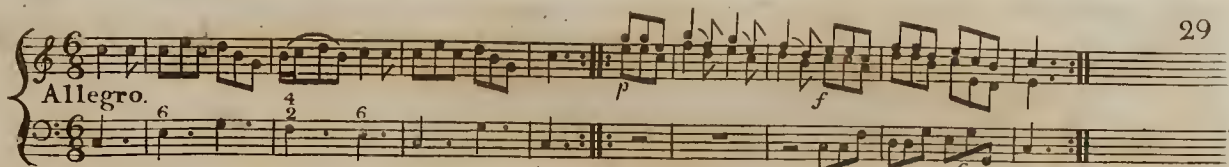
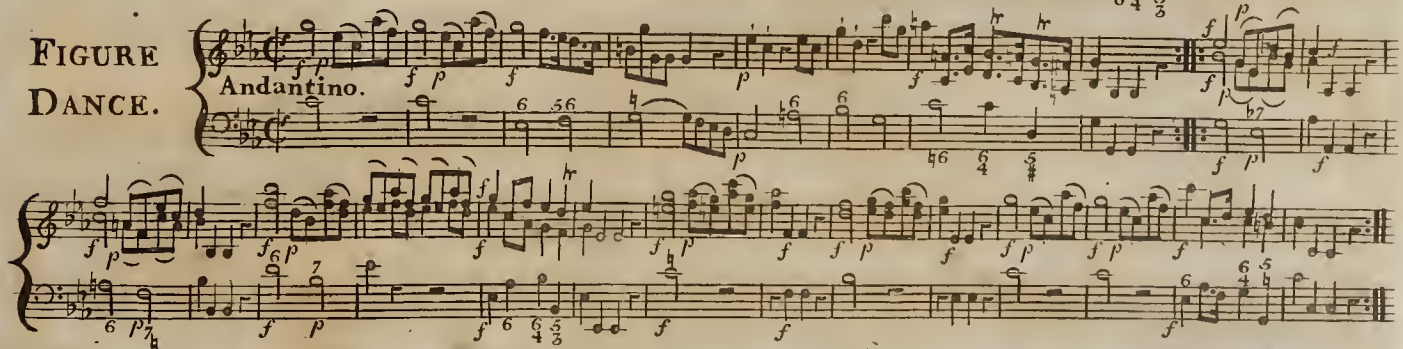


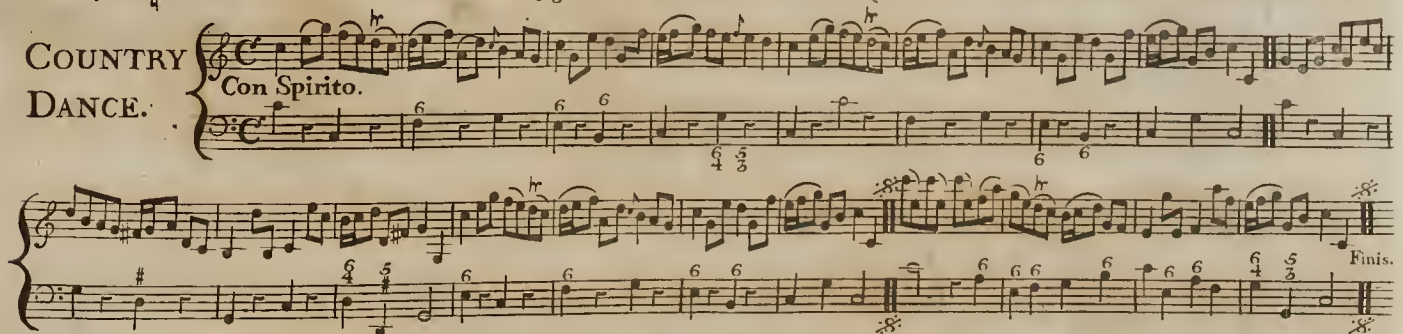
FIGURE
DANCE.

Andantino.

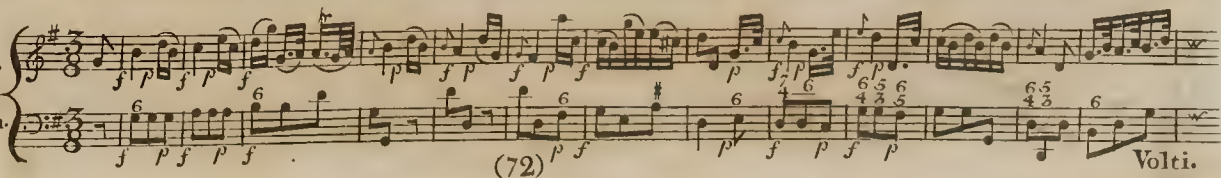


COUNTRY
DANCE.

Con Spirito.



Sung by
M^{rs} CIBBER.
in the way-
to Keep him



Ye fair marri'd Dames who so of-ten de-lore that a Lover once blest is a Lover no - more no more no more is a

Lover no more At - tend to my Council nor blush to be taught that Prudence must cherish what Beauty has

caught At - tend to my Council nor blush to be taught that Prudence must cherish what Beauty has caught.

2.

Uke the Man that you Wed like your fav'rite Guittar
 Tho' Music in both they are both apt to Jar
 How tuneful and Soft from a delicate Touch
 Not handled too roughly nor playd on too much.

3.

The Linnet and Sparrow will feed from your hand
 Grow fond by your Kindness an come at Command
 Exert with your Husband the same happy Skill
 For Hearts like your Birds may be tam'd to your will.

4.

Be gay and good humour'd complying and kind
 Turn the chief of your Care from your face to your mind
 'Tis there that the Wife may her Conquest improve
 And Hymen will rivet the Fetters of Love.

FINIS.





